defuſe, my good intent may carry through it ſelfe to that full iſ-
ſue for which I raz'd my likenes: now baniſht *Kent*, if thou canſt
ſerue where thou doſt ſtand condem'd, thy maiſter whom thou
loueſt ſhall find thee full of labour.

Enter Lear.

Lear. Let me not ſtay a iot for dinner, goe get it readie, how
now, what art thou?

Kent. A man Sir.

Lear. What doſt thou profeſſe? what would'ſt thou with vs?

Kent. I doe profeſſe to be no leſſe then I ſeeme, to ſerue him
truly that will put me in truſt; to loue him that is honeſt, to con-
uerſe with him that is wiſe, and ſayes little; to feare iudgement,
to fight when I cannot chuſe; and to eate no fiſhe.

Lear. What art thou?

Kent. A very honeſt harted fellow, and as poore as the king.

Lear. If thou be as poore for a ſubiect, as he is for a King, thar't
poore enough; what would'ſt thou?

Kent. Seruice. *Lear.* Who would'ſt thou ſerue?

Kent. You. *Lear.* Do'ſt thou know me fellow?

Kent. No ſir, but you haue that in your countenance, which
I would faine call Maiſter.

Lear. Whats that? *Kent.* Authoritie.

Lear. What ſeruices canſt doe?

Kent. I can keepe honeſt counſaile; ride, run; mar a curious
tale in telling it, and deliuer a plaine meſſage bluntly; that
which ordinarie men are fit for, I am qualified in; and the beſt
of me, is diligence.

Lear. How old art thou?

Kent. Not ſo yong to loue a woman for ſinging, nor ſo old to
dote on her for any thing; I haue yeares on my backe fortie
eight.

Lear. Follow mee, thou ſhalt ſerue mee, if I like thee no
worſe after dinner, I will not part from thee yet; dinner, ho din-
ner; wher's my knaue, my foole; goe you and call my foole he-
ther, you ſirra, whers my daughter?

Enter Steward.

Steward. So pleaſe you,

Lear. What ſay's the fellow there, call the clat-pole backe,
wher's

whers my foole; ho I thinke the world's aſleepe, how now,
wher's that mungrel?

Kent. He ſay's my Lord, your daughter is not well.

Lear. Why came not the ſlaue backe to mee when I cal'd
him?

ſeruant. Sir, hee anſwered mee in the roundeſt maner, hee
would not. *Lear.* A would not?

ſeruant. My Lord, I know not what the matter is, but to my
iudgemēt, your highnes is not entertained with that ceremonious
affection as you were wont; ther's a great abatement, apeer's as
well in the generall dependants, as in the Duke himſelfe alſo,
and your daughter. *Lear.* Ha, ſay'ſt thou ſo?

ſeruant. I beſeech you pardon mee my Lord, if I be miſtaken,
for my dutie cannot bee ſilent, when I thinke your highneſſe
wrong'd.

Lear. Thou but remember'ſt me of mine owne conception, I
haue perceiued a moſt faint neglect of late, which I haue rather
blamed as mine owne ielous curioſitie, then as a very pretence &
purport of vnkindneſſe; I will looke further into't; but wher's
this foole? I haue not ſeene him this two dayes.

ſeruant. Since my yong Ladies going into *France* ſir, the foole
hath much pined away.

Lear. No more of that, I haue noted it; goe you and tell my
daughter, I would ſpeake with her; goe you cal hither my foole,
O you ſir, you ſir, come you hither, who am I ſir?

Steward. My Ladies Father.

Lear. My Ladies father? my Lords knaue, you horeſon dog,
you ſlaue, you cur.

Stew. I am none of this my Lord, I beſeech you pardon me.

Lear. Doe you bandie lookes with me you raſcall?

Stew. Ile not be ſtruck my Lord,

Kent. Nor tript neither, you baſe football player.

Lear. I thanke thee fellow, thou ſeru'ſt me, and ile loue thee.

Kent. Come ſir ile teach you differences; away, away, if
you will meaſure your lubbers-length againe tarry; but away,
you haue wiſedome!

Lear. Now friendly knaue I thanke thee, their's earneſt of
thy ſeruice.

Enter Foole.

Foole.